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This is the ninth volume of the "Animal Kingdom," and fully maintains the high character of that work; it contains, in a condensed form, all that is known on the subject of fossil osteology, and has collected into one volume a body of information scattered over so many expensive quartos, that it was hitherto unattainable by the general reader. In this, as in the preceding volumes, every opportunity is taken to connect the contemplation of nature, with admiration and reverence for its great Author, and the works of the Deity are shewn to be, separately and collectively, proofs of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite mercy.

The Three Histories. By Maria Jane Jewsbury. Westley and Davis, London.

THIS is a book of an order much higher, and altogether different from that of the mass of works of fiction, which spring forth at this season, thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa, but almost destitute of any other resemblance to natural productions, save their abundance. We have in the "Three Histories," a rare union of high philosophy, and deep poetical feeling—a quantity of true knowledge embodied in the forms of imagination, and enriched with a thousand lights of beautiful associations, which previously we could hardly have supposed to be capable of so close an union with the severe and searching spirit of investigation, which the author of this book undoubtedly possesses. We know not how better to describe our opinion of her genius than by borrowing a striking and very characteristic passage from the first "History," in which the heroine is stated to have had "that within her which clothes the dry bones of fact, with the flesh and raiment of thought and fancy." We know not that it will be considered any compliment to a female author—but we think it a true and remarkable fact relating to this work, that it bears no appearance whatever of female authorship. The charm which we find in it is not at all associated with that tenderness of feeling, which comes over the mind, on finding good, and gentle, and beautiful sentiments in a book which we know a woman has written. There is no bending, no condescending of the mind, to the feelings of satisfaction with which we hail the production of a book such as this; but we feel the energy of a high mind pressing conviction upon us. We perceive that the fruits of a masculine understanding lie before us, and that we have to do with a writer who has not only *felt*, but deeply and vigorously considered, and compared, and deduced; and who has the power of communicating the thoughts of her mind, in language which is not to be resisted, either by those who reason, or by those who feel.

The first history is that of an "Enthusiast," of a woman of genius, who suffered the fervor and impetuosity of that genius, and the love of fame ("that last infirmity of noble mind," but still an infirmity,) to lead her into courses brilliant, but deceitful—to estrange her from friends and home, and the dear delights of domestic intercourse; who permitted that which ought to be the ornament merely, to become the business of her life, and found her bitter reward, in all the unutterable anguish of a mortified and disappointed spirit.

The story of the Enthusiast is admirably traced from her childhood to the time when the history leaves her with a broken heart. We

observe, step by step, how the workings of her own mind, and of attendant circumstances, lead to the catastrophe; or rather, we are shewn at intervals the changes which had occurred, and are informed, more with the rapid lightning-like power of poetry, than the slowly-unfolding details of prose, of the causes which had effected these changes. As the story proceeds, we frequently meet with reflections upon human life and manners, connected with, but not belonging to it, and it is in these we trace a vigorous and comprehensive knowledge, a deep, firm grasp of the circumstances of humanity, and the philosophy that belongs to them, which, in a work of this kind fills us with equal pleasure and surprise. They are wells of pure knowledge, springing up out of the living rock, where we expected only purling streams, with flowers of fancy growing by their margin.

There are many passages which occur to us, that, if our space would afford it, we should be glad to extract, as illustrations of the remarks which we have ventured to make, but as our limits prescribe to us, the necessity of a brief selection, we shall present our readers with a part of a letter which the Enthusiast writes to an early friend, after her dream of éclat and distinction has passed away, and which appears to us to be a striking specimen of that union of power and beauty in composition, which distinguishes the story.

"I have told you the various changes that have passed over me in reference to the outward world, and the world of man, but I have not yet told you the worst, that which arises from what the world calls my genius and my fame. Ah, what is genius to woman, but a splendid misfortune! What is fame to woman, but a dazzling degradation! She is exposed to the pitiless gaze of admiration; but little respect, and no love, blends with it. In society she is regarded as "a highly curious thing;" and as her delineations of emotion are presumed to emanate from her own experience, a desire is roused to discover her private history in her writings. Her power of self-sacrifice is less doubted than her power of self-command; but the doubt of *that*, is, of the two, more injurious. However much, as an individual, she may have gained in name, and rank, and fortune, she has suffered as a woman; in the history of letters she may be associated with man, but her own sweet life is lost; and though in reality she may flow through the ocean of the world, maintaining an unsullied current, she is nevertheless apparently absorbed, and become one with the elements of tumult and distraction. She is a reed shaken with the wind; a splendid exotic nurtured for display; an ornament to be worn only on birth-nights and festivals; the aloe, whose blossom is deemed fabulous, because few can wait to behold it; she is the Hebrew, whose songs are demanded in 'a strange land;' Ruth, standing 'amid the alien corn;' a flower plunged beneath a petrifying spring:—her affections are the dew that society exhales, but gives not back to her in rain; she is a jewelled captive—bright, and desolate, and sad. This is her fate, these are her feelings, if her character predominantly possess the excellence of her sex. If it be otherwise, if that which should be womanly in her is worldly, if she be not so gentle as vain, at heart a creature of ambition rather than of affection, she will be less unhappy; but, alas, she will also be less worthy of happiness! If she can revel in no-

tory, feel it her fittest home and sphere, take pride in its separating influence, and gradually become native to the atmosphere of adulation, she may converse like a Du Deffand, or a L'Epinasse, but so far from winning love, she will not even be deserving of pity. Annette, what is to become of me? To neither class do I belong entirely, yet I partake of the nature of both! I pay most of the penalties of one, without fully sharing in the privileges of the other. As regards the delight, and glory of distinction to a woman, the veil is taken from my eyes; but I cannot recede, for I am become enthralled by artificial feelings, and habits of a selfish and worldly tendency. To my better taste, praise is dust and ashes; yet I cannot now live without it. Literary enthusiasm is no more; but without literature as a profession, a void would be created in my heart, which, except I were a Frenchwoman, thrown once more amongst Frondeurs and Girondists, I doubt the power of any thing to fill abidingly. I press, as it were, by instinct, towards excellence; I read, I travel, I observe, I reflect, I converse; but the set, specific purpose for which all is done, at once degrades and desolates. There is no *abandon*; no child-like surrender of the soul to fresh and vigorous impulses, whether of thought or feeling; no gathering ideas as if they were primroses; no sporting beside the mighty sea of knowledge; no watching the treasure-laden barks on its bosom in secure and ignorant delight; every thing is a study for effect, therefore every thing is despised."

This extract will suffice to shew our readers that it is with no common mind we hold communion, in perusing the writings of Miss Jewsbury. They will, perhaps, discover in the style, some want of that child-like simplicity, which one so loves in woman,—a manner rather too elaborate and oratorical, and a love of epigrammatic and striking sentences more than sufficient;—nevertheless they will acknowledge, that there are truth and vigour in the thoughts developed, and elegance and force in the language in which they are conveyed. By far the least worthy part of this story, is the verses in the "Beppo" vein, which occur near its close. We are surprised that the good sense of our author did not suggest their rejection from a place where they are so little suitable, to the much more poetical prose, into the midst of which they are introduced. In themselves, however, they possess considerable merit, and a specimen will, at least, amuse our readers,—they are intended to exhibit the reckless surface buoyancy of a heart

All green and wildly gay without,
But worn and grey beneath. :—
And if there be a sorrow in my soul,
Making that soul a lamp-lit sepulchre,
Requiem, or dirge, or sympathetic toll,
I never bid society couffer
On-me, or on my sorrow; both are hushed,
Shrined amidst marble—quiet because crushed.
And if there be a madness in my love,
It does not kill me now, I did long since;
Nor does it send me walking in a grove,
Or make me in white satin rave and mince,
I talk plain prose, laugh, and sometimes cause
laughter—
Torture, and dreams, and tears—these things are after.
After and when alone; it is bad taste
Ever to go a-visiting with grief;
Leave her at home, or else well flogged and laced,
Present her as your friend, Miss Mirth; in brief,
If you do not, you'll soon be left to pine,
No gentleman asks sorrow to take wine.
Smile, though the keenest barb in sorrow's quiver,
Strikes through your heart, until that heart is sick;
Tame down your tumults, though as aspens shiver,
Thoughts you deemed dead are vigilant and quick,

And let the eyes, that to your soul are flame,
Flash upon ice; and if there be a name.

That stirs your spirit like a sorcerer's spell,
Sending a dizzy creeping through your brain,
Pronounce it; and the sword-like word, farewell,
Speak in gay accents; once, and yet again;
That word may leave your heart, but still no doubt,
Society will ask you to her rout.

And it is time that I should say farewell!
I thought I could have done so, without sighing:
Have left even a home of song and spell,
Without the ignominious sin of crying;
But nature triumphs, triumphs over art,
And mournful feelings prove it sad to part.

I have been happy here—that says too much;
I have been tranquil there—nay, that says more;
Well then, I've known a habit, call it such,
Of sadness, with excitement gilded o'er,
That every sense proud soul would just call frightful,
But I, a child of fancy, deem delightful.

Farewell thou little darling cabinet room;
Thou art a likeness of thy habitant;
An union of gloom and gladness;
Philosophy, I don't allude to Kant's,
Would call this union an hypothesis;
But poetry oft sees how very true it is.

Farewell, dear room, for I shall soon be gone,
And then there'll be an extra empty chair;
And after all that kind thing said and done,
I think farewells are chiefly noted there:
Your chair is empty at another's service,
Proser, or wit, fancy, scholar, saint, or dervise.

We part, and vow for ever to remember,
(There are ten candles in one for ever)
Our visit in its slightest not very fair,
Is shrined within our bosoms, and—no never,
Will we resign that most endeared connexion,
Until there comes a general resurrection.

And then we get into our chaise and pair,
Filled with ten engagements, scenes, and constancy,
For ten miles (if the scene's not very fair)
We think of what we've left; ten more, and we
Begin to find that fancy yet can frisk it,
And wish we had remembered a dry biscuit.

I can love, have loved, must love while I breathe
But I desire in love perpetual June,
Which is not in one friendship, so I wreathe
And wear, and look on hearts as flowers, that soon
Will have their summer glory overcast,
What then? I love them dearly while they last.

And I would rather lose what I love here,
Be it man, woman, flower, or recollection,
Than swift translation to another sphere,
Than have it in the shape of retrospection;
I hate all ghosts, but most, and without measure,
The apparition of departed pleasure.

And memory is mental indigestion;
You are not healthy if it much afflicts you;
Hope, which is hunger, without any question,
By no means to our health so much restricts you;
For never to be dainty, nor to care,
If turtle is not, blackberries will do.

And blackberries, the proverb saith abound,
Not living in a country place I know not;
But this, living in town, I've ever found,
The Hesperides, no place on which they grow not,
Whilst your Romenances, really made
To have their eyes removed behind their head.

What is the past, as it refers to love?
Nothing—there is no sculpture for a sigh,
No portrait for a word, or words above,
A look, a low soft tone,—the rose must die;
“But memory may embalm,” your taste less numb is
Than mine:—I could not make affections—mummies.

Love in sweet nift, calico, and gum!
(Not looking half so well as old mahogany)
Or pleasure in a punchbowl of new rum!
Or friendship “lapped in lead,” if you have got any:
I have no right against your taste to rail,
Embalm your friendships—but let mine exhale.

“Is not this shocking?” cries some flaxen Werter,
Warm from a bath of tears o'er tomes of folly;
Be still,—what is exchange of hearts but barter,
As full of cheating and of melancholy,
As any that in Robertson one reads?
The Indian gives his gold—the Spaniard beads.

And now, alas! I tire extremely soon
Of people, both the stupid and the clever;
A book, a bust, a picture, or a tune,
Can keep its charms, and somehow charm for ever;
Where did I learn this sad love of variety?
How did I gain this habit of satiety?

Books, busts, tunes, pictures, seldom give advice,
(In that they're no epitomes of life),
Nor do they know one's foolishness—a vice
With which one's best friends are exceeding rife:
Nor do they ask one questions weak or wise,
Or look interrogations with their eyes.

One's quite at ease with them, and burdened hearts
Are bowstrung by attention, if not given
With the fine tact not always joined to parts;
Silence is very often sorrow's heaven,
And sympathising or obsequatory
Words, just as often, sorrow's purgatory.

The greatest portion of the dust that talks,
I've wished enshrined in canvas, or in wood,
Or calf-skin; any thing to stay the walks
Of limb, or eye, or tongue (however good)
That paralysed me with perpetual motion,
And drowned my spirit in a wordy ocean.

Few read the heart, because few pay the price,
Of having their first broken, perhaps worse;
We play the game of life with loaded dice,
But in the wealth we win there is a curse;
Society seems with us, and we may not tell!
The secret of our strength, the fiend that rules our hell.

The second history is that of a “NONCHALANT,” which, like the preceding, seems to flow from a philosophical spirit, at once reasoning and poetical. The story possesses more beauty, and more originality of invention than that of the “Enthusiast,” to which it is inferior in value, only because the observations and reflections which it contains are of less ordinary application to the affairs of life. We shall not mar the interest of our readers in so affecting a tale, by attempting any outline of it, but content ourselves with extracting a powerful sketch of the character of the “Nonchalant,” as it has been formed by the circumstances which he afterwards details:

“I call myself a Nonchalant, because my affections are profoundly, if placidly, indifferent to all objects of earthly desire; and sceptical, because the entire aspect, history, and complexion of my mind is—DOUBT. I think, but I cannot bring any one thought to a satisfactory conclusion, and may be said, with regard to facts, to live in an atmosphere of floating opinions. I consider poetry in the light of a magnificent lie; history ranks with a bundle of old newspapers; and science strikes me as a series of splendid conjectures. I observe that the principles of one party are the prejudices of another; the truth for which this man is willing to die, is to that falsehood deserving persecution; vice and virtue have an existence independent of doctrinal belief; and the deist and the devotee do not contradict each other, more than each contradicts himself. Observing all this, and having greatly suffered from it, I am come at last to be certain of nothing but the uncertainty of all things, and to consider doubt as the alpha and omega of existence. I am neither a searcher after happiness, nor am I engaged in the pursuit of truth; the former, I *know*, does not exist for me, and though I cannot help fancying that the latter must exist somewhere, yet, like the problem for squaring the circle, I conceive the knowledge of that somewhere to be still wanting. This is a painful condition; for with few hopes, it is possible to be harassed by many fears, and to have a vague, awkward feeling of responsibility, rendering one almost envious of the brutes, since with them belief is not requisite.”

There is in this story also, the fault of occasional over-strained, and unnaturally elaborated comparisons. In one place, the Nonchalant tells us that he had a passion for music, and “that listening to it, was like standing beneath a fruit tree in May, and feeling himself suddenly covered with a shower of blossoms.” This likeness, however highly finished it may appear to some, is not, we suspect, sufficiently striking for general apprehension. In another place, he says that Saint Peter's

“oppressed him with a *night-mare* of splendor.” This “is affectations,” as Parson Evans says; yet we allude to such passages, not in any spirit of severity, but to point out to our authoress, that one who can follow nature, with such simple and affecting energy, should undertake the easy task of weeding from her style those vain attempts at snatching a grace beyond the reach of nature. It is but just to add, as a contrast to this fault, that in the midst of passages of close and serious reasoning, with which this volume abounds, we frequently meet a simple thought, expressed with the sweetest simplicity, and appearing, in its situation, like a wild flower growing from some crevice in a tower of strength.

Of the third history, that of a “REALIST,” we shall present our readers with a longer specimen. We at first felt less pleased with it than with either of the other two, but as we went on, we were almost inclined to place it above them in our estimation, on account of the difficulty of the task which the author has undertaken, and the usefulness which belongs to the successful execution, of which she may justly boast. The effect of the story is to excite the imagination, in favor of the exaltation of cool and deliberate reason, above imagination and sentiment. This is like applying the engine which owes its power to fire, to the extinguishing of conflagration. If fiction can thus charm us to the love of severe prudence, and calm investigation of reality, without teaching us to be harsh or arrogant—so to employ it, is to use it to its noblest purpose.

The following description of a run on a bank, consequent upon the defalcation of one of the clerks, is highly, and we think admirably, wrought up:

“Without waiting to hear one syllable of the advice or condolence volunteered by his informant, Richard Winton set off with steady haste in the direction to which the intelligence naturally led him. In going he must of necessity pass the dwelling house of Mr. Sydney; he stopped, ascertained the room where Sophia was, and without delay or announcement walked straight into it. She looked very pale, and her agitation was marked by that rigidity of feature, which, more than tremor, announces in strong minds, great mental distress. She rose, rather tottered than walked forward, and gave her hand to Richard; it was cold and clammy; and she articulated her welcome with apparent difficulty.

“Richard placed his arm around her, and bore her back to a sofa.

“Only tell me the simple facts, my own Sophia, I am sure you know them, and I can depend on you implicitly—who is gone?—what is gone? May I believe the statements I shall hear at the bank?—may I safely do as I wish—support your father at this crisis?—the money in his hands is not mine, or I would not ask the question.”

“Richard, this is no time for trifling; don't attribute my agitation to a wrong cause—I am confided in by two parties, how am I to act with integrity to both?”

“Leave to me the responsibility of acting, Sophia; only answer my plain questions; I cannot, and will not, act on uncertainties.”

“Miss Sydney placed in her friend's hands a hurried note just received from the bank:—

“Richard Winton is expected every hour; I beseech you use your influence with him not to draw out; say it is mere temporary con-

venience we want; assure him there is no ground for fear.'

"And you do assure me so, Sophia?"

"Richard, go and be governed by your own judgment—shew no favour to me or mine contrary to it; the rumours are exaggerated grossly, but more than enough is true. William is gone to London to fetch supplies—if he succeeds in getting them, and returns in time for banking hours to-morrow, and if you do not draw out, all is safe—otherwise the doors must close; and my poor father—you know his feelings—he is frantic already at what he conceives the disgrace of having his bank run upon, what *would* he be then?"

"Will the supplies come, do you think?"

"We hope—believe—expect so; but no one can tell; go and judge for yourself, yourself only, Richard, don't save us at your own expense."

"Gladly would I, if that were all; farewell, dearest friend; but remember one thing—death only can rob you of my esteem." The speaker stooped and kissed her forehead with mingled gravity and affection, then hastened from the room to communicate with her father. His entrance into the bank, which was not effected without difficulty, evidently embarrassed Mr. Sydney, who had hitherto endeavoured to conceal his feelings under a disengaged air. But the natural character of the man prevented his being a good masquer; and through his smiles and bows, and his restless motions of hand and eye, a practised observer discerned inquietude amounting to anguish. All was bustle amongst the clerks, and yet a certain grave suppressed manner told that the business which occasioned such bustle was of no ordinary or agreeable kind. Richard observed that a look of intelligence passed, on his entrance, between one or two of the leading ones, which seemed to say, 'Now we are done for.' Whatever his feelings were, Mr. Sydney welcomed his friend with cordiality of manner, and began to make enquiries relative to his journey and his health.

"Can you step with me into your private room?" said Richard.

"Willingly, my dear Sir; and with the most unwilling steps he led the way. 'An annoying business this; but a mere annoyance—no consequence in the world—we could stand it twenty days longer.'

Richard fixed his eyes upon him, and said quietly, 'I have had a conversation with Sophia—I must be told the truth.'

There was no further attempt at disguise on the part of Mr. Sydney; his countenance underwent as great a change as if a visor had fallen from it, and revealed the strong working of the natural features.

"Then it rests with you to ruin or save my credit," said he, in a faint voice.

"Mr. Sydney, answer me like a man, can I do the latter safely?"

"I hope—I think—I believe so."

"State your reasons; and, my good Sir, do be less violently agitated. Remember you speak to a man who will stand by you to the last, short of losing what he considers other persons' money entrusted to his guardianship. Come, be calm."

"Calm—calm, Mr. Winton!—you don't suppose I am made as you are. I tell you, Sir, if this bank is ever closed from inability to meet our payments, I will never enter my own doors alive. My credit is to me what other

things have been to you, and I will not—take your hand off my arm, Mr. Winton—I will not survive its being even breathed upon!

"And you forget that it is breathed upon already. Come, Mr. Sydney, be pacified, and if you mean me to serve you, tell me quietly, the exact state of your affairs at this crisis."

"As a child obeys the commands of a kind but resolute parent, Mr. Sydney by degrees gave Richard an account similar to what he had previously heard from Sophia. The sum with which the head cashier had absconded was of startling amount, but his partner had hired a vessel, and was in pursuit of the one in which it was believed he had set sail for America with his booty. The culprit had, however, the start of twelve hours."

"But, Mr. Sydney, suppose I do not draw out my money now in your hands, I must have it eventually."

"Certainly, but you would have patience, and give me time to sell property; besides, is there no difference between being in the power of a friend, and that of a mean, dirty, purse-proud fellow, who would delight to show his shabby strength in petty provocations?"

"Here a clerk entered, and presented his master with a note. He read it at a glance, and then passionately tore it to pieces."

"Sir Jonas Wimperley—eh? The greedy shark!—and he must come too. He that I have helped, and helped with hundreds upon hundreds, when his bond was worth no more than his word is now. He—he, forsooth, must have 'particular occasion for his uncle's legacy now in my hands.' It is new to him to have money to claim any where. Mr. Winton make your election, and don't spend reason upon a frantic man; do you demand the whole or any part of your property entrusted to me? Speak, Sir; it lies between you and Sir Jonas. Both demands cannot be met, and if one must be preferred I would rather it were yours. Speak, I say, Sir."

"And I say, speak Sir," replied Richard, in a calmly authoritative voice. "Answer me two questions rationally, and then I will tell you my decision. What reason have you to suppose that your London bankers will send you remittances back by William?"

"My reason for supposing that they will, is from my knowing that it will not endanger them. William carried up with him the title-deeds of his eldest brother's estate, settled on him by his uncle."

"And can you solemnly assure me, that if he returns as you expect, with a supply of cash from London, you can hold on, even if your partner does not recover your stolen property? I ask you as Sophia's father, well acquainted with the double stake I hazard."

"Mr. Winton, forgive my violence. I care little about lessening my private property, or even my children's. You shall suffer no ultimate loss—on the faith of an honest but most wretched man, you shall not."

"Then send the proper reply to Sir Jonas, and let me take a chair beside your desk; when some of these good countryfolks see that I trust thousands, perhaps they may be more inclined to trust simple scores. Just send a messenger with one line that I will write to Sophia. And stay, if yonder cupboard holds any thing better than paper and parchment, let my stomach have the benefit of it. Come, drink a glass of your own Madeira."

"Richard, I have drunk a whole bottle

since morning, and it has affected me no more than water. Give me some brandy if you will—would, would it were night!

"All that has passed occupied little more than an hour, and three had yet to elapse before the arrival of that at which the bank was wont to close. By Richard's advice the doors were kept open a full hour longer than usual."

"This, the sight of his steady cheerful presence behind the counter, and the knowledge, quickly circulated, of the very solid manner in which he had proved his confidence in Mr. Sydney's stability, tended much to allay the public panic. At last the business of the day closed, and then the current of anxiety set in towards the morrow. After paying a short visit to his mother, Richard repaired again to Mr. Sydney, to await with him, the arrival of the anxiously expected mail, and to receive the grateful thanks of one who knew his full worth. As if, however, there was to be no

"Blessed barrier between day and day."

the arrival of the mail only plunged the watchers into new dilemmas. William was not among the passengers—there was no tidings of him—no parcel or letter from him. His father relapsed into all the agonies of irritation and despair, and it was not till Richard Winton threatened to withdraw his promise of the afternoon, that he was persuaded to retire to rest, and suffer an opiate to be administered to him. Left comparatively at ease, his friend and chief creditor proceeded to take measures for the morrow, and he did so with as much calmness as if he had had no personal interests dependent on the issue. More quickly than the day, the speed of which was desired, the night that many would have protracted, slipped noiselessly and rapidly away. The morning came—Mr. Sydney awoke—the banking hour struck, and still there was no William. The nervous agitation manifested by the poor father through the preceding days, was now exchanged for a gloomy, sullen, impenetrable manner, which occasioned his family infinitely more alarm. Partially it might be considered a state of reaction, and as the effect of the strong opiate he had been forced to swallow; but much, too much, remained attributable to a dangerous state of morbid feeling, from which any desperate act may be expected. Richard Winton never lost sight of him for a single instant; his anxieties were indeed trebled, but the strength necessary to combat them seemed trebled too—he rose to the occasion which the weaker mind associated with him sunk beneath. On this, the fourth day, Mr. Sydney seemed to lose all self-possession; he stood, spoke, listened, and signed his name, more like a moving automaton than a living man. The panic abated—the demands for payment were less, both in number and amount, but still they continued, and this, with the protracted delay of the London messenger, justified grave anxiety. Had a request for temporary assistance, coupled with the offer of securities, been addressed in the first instance to some leading men in his own town, money would have been raised, and much time and uneasiness would have been spared; but Mr. Sydney's pride could not brook making any request that seemed to compromise, even for a few days, his darling credit. 'I have done all I can personally,' said Richard, as noon advanced, and nothing indicated the approach of William, 'I sent an express off last night, but his return may be too late for us; now, you

must make up your mind to one of two things—either consent to a temporary suspension of payment, which, from an examination of your affairs, I am satisfied would literally be but temporary; or you must let me go to some of your friends—old Allan, for instance—once satisfied as to your solvency, I think he would venture to—

“Richard Winton, if you mean to insult me, say so; what, make *that* mean, miserly, pitiful fellow, lord and master of my private affairs!—lay them and myself under the feet of any one here!—no, I would rather die a dozen deaths!

“How much better that you should live a dozen lives, or at least, make the best of the one you have.” Inwardly indignant at the cowardly selfishness thus manifested, yet carefully suppressing all signs of such indignant feeling, Richard was fain to give in to the current of circumstances, and hope that, as in a few hours one of the alternatives he had proposed must be adopted, necessity might be found a match even for obstinacy.

“Two o’clock struck—two more hours, thought he, and we shall have fifteen to breathe in; all this delay comes of trusting that foolish lad—and if the whole truth must be confessed, Richard completed his mental soliloquy by some hard strictures on poets and poetry. The thread of his reflections was broken by a sudden trampling sound, as of a quantity of persons running at full speed; in a few seconds carriage wheels were heard also, and before he could well reach the street, a chaise and four had drawn up to the bank-door, and the crowd round it set up a hearty shout. Opening the door from the inside, and without waiting for the steps to be let down, the first person who sprang out was William Sydney, looking as if just risen from his coffin. The next, who descended with somewhat less impetuosity, was a stranger; the third, who needed both steps and assistance, for he was ironed, was the delinquent clerk, believed to be on his way to America; the remaining and heaviest part of the carriage-contents were too small, strong, deal chests. These, with the passengers, were quickly deposited in the bank parlour. The father fell on his son’s neck, burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. Richard Winton, before he asked a single question, handed the youth a large glass of Madeira—‘Drink that, and then tell us all—you are in time.’

“Thank heaven!—thank heaven!—I have travelled in torture, fearing I might be too late; father, —’s were satisfied without the deeds, but there was some delay in getting the accommodation ready—no matter why—it is here; then, by the most miraculous chance—

“Providence, William.

“Yes, Providence, Mr. Winton—I got a clew to the haunt of that wretched man there; the report of his having sailed from this port in the Juno, was all a feint; he set off to take shipping from London, where he had—but no, I am sworn to secrecy as to the *how* I got news of him—however, no matter, he was on shipboard, waiting for a wind. This was all I knew, and the place he was bound for; I procured a search-warrant, and we examined twenty vessels before we found him; so disguised, Sir, painted and stuffed, that but for his agitation—for he shook through straw and yellow ochre like a coward as he is—even I might have been deceived; however, there he is, and most of his booty too; some of it he

had abstracted—some of it I was forced to employ, but I did my best—wrong, perhaps, in not sending a clerk from —’s with their remittances, only I wanted to bring all, and only found, too late, that I should be at least twelve hours after the mail; we have travelled throughout with four horses, driven like furies, paid like princes, neither eat, drank, slept, scarcely spoken; and now I should like to go to bed for seven days and nights; take care of Mr. Higson (he was a police officer)—that’s my story.”

This is excellent: throughout the book, the readers will find much to instruct and elevate the mind, while it is at the same time deeply interested and amused.

Third Report from the Select Committee on the Affairs of the East India Company. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, April, 1830.

Few readers of a literary periodical like ours, are aware of the enormous extent of laborious enquiry necessary to be made, in order to supply the materials for its formation. The work itself can only shew what has been selected; a small portion indeed, when compared with what has been rejected either as unworthy of notice, or as not coming within the scope of the publication. Who would have thought that an Editor should find the perusal of parliamentary papers, as necessary as poetry, history, or romance? Yet, so it is. The two houses of parliament are now the regular publishers of a sessional periodical, and render themselves therefore, (with a due saving of their dignity,) equally amenable to the tribunal of literary criticism, as the ephemeral author of the Devil’s Walk; and the sole question to be decided on by an Editor is, whether the subjects on which they treat are such as should be brought by him under the consideration of his readers. With respect to by much the greater part of the contents of these folios, we confess we have very little trouble. Politics, generally so called, not being one of our objects, the process by which we dispose of this class of publications is sufficiently summary, and therefore when the number whose title is above announced was laid with some others before us on our breakfast table, we were preparing, after turning over its leaves with no small degree of nonchalance, to deposit it among a pile of its fellows, in a corner whence it was not likely soon to be disturbed, unless by our grimalkin in a frisky humour, cutting figures on its dusty covers with her tail, when our eye was accidentally caught by a “table exhibiting a brief view of the statistics of China proper, &c.” and we found, upon more minute enquiry, that the document contained a large quantity of minute and extended details of that empire, highly interesting, not merely to the sellers and drinkers of tea, though this alone is something, but to all who would wish to make themselves acquainted with the interior of a region so highly lauded, yet so little known.

China and Europe are the two most opposite communities in the world, not merely in geographical position, but in every thing that constitutes nationality: both highly civilized, far above the average of any of the nations surrounding each, yet of a species of civilization singularly different; the opposition of habits, customs, manners, descending into the minutiae of every day particulars in a manner,

and a direction of divergency almost ludicrous. Our relative ideas of each other’s importance, are regulated by the same standard of opposition; an ancient Chinese map represents the celestial empire as occupying the whole of the sheet on which it is drawn, with the exception of one corner which is set apart for all the rest of the world; in an ancient European map of the world, on the other side, we look in vain for China, or find it perhaps a solitary name, as a part of Terra Incognita. We live now in better times, our globes or maps are not disgraced with distorted drawings of that great nation, and its neighbouring territories, its geographical positions, are laid down with tolerable precision, but as to the interior, with the exception of the general lines of deviation of some of its larger rivers, and the bearings of some of its more important positions, our knowledge, it must be confessed, is very inadequate, either to the absolute magnitude of that wonderful empire, or to its relative importance as affecting our extended, and still extending commercial and political relations.

The information given in the evidence now before us, fills up several of these chasms. It comes also in an authenticated form, from individuals well acquainted with the particulars they detail, deeply interested in the enquiry, and placed in a situation in which they know that a searching eye is watching over their relation, active to catch, and eager to expose any mis-statement or fallacy. The accounts given by them may therefore be safely relied upon, as to general fidelity and accuracy.

The real amount of the population of China has been long one of the unsolved problems in geography. Though the commonly received statements were usually considered to be over-rated, yet it was deemed an indisputable fact that the total, after every reasonable deduction had been made, was far beyond that of any European country, or, indeed, of any, with which we are acquainted. From the statistical table already alluded to, it appears, that the whole population of China proper, exclusive of Tartary and the dependent provinces, amounts to 141,470,000 souls, which when compared with the area or surface of the country, gives an average of 103 souls for every square mile. Let this be compared with the known averages of some other countries.

	Souls.
China, per square mile	103
Hindoostan, ...	104
Austria, ...	110
France, ...	164
England, ...	222

Thus we see that this so much vaunted population does not amount to one-half of that of England, compared with the relative extent of territory of each country.

The cause of the apparently excessive population of China, arises from the provinces being very unequally peopled, and the over-crowded portion of the country being that to which foreigners generally, if not solely, had access. There are, in fact, but four provinces, out of the fifteen into which the empire is divided, that are densely inhabited, these embrace but little more than one-fourth of the entire area, yet contain above two-thirds of the population.

The circumstances connected with emigration have been also ill-understood, and therefore much misrepresented. The following summary of the information given in this